THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

An Apparently Impartial and Unprejudiced View of the Much Mooted Questions Connected with this Important Affair—The Discrepancies of History Illustrated—The Issues of the Battle Probably Determined by an Accident.

The difficulty which the conscientious historian has to overcome in getting at the truth is curiously illustrated by a careful reading of the two articles on the "Battle of Shiloh" in the February *Century*, the one by General Grant, the other by Colonel William Preston Johnston, a son of General Johnston, and on the staff of Jefferson Davis. One gives, of course, the Federal, the other the Confederate, side. Not only is their interpretation of the aims and purposes of the combatants, and in their estimate of the significance and result of the first day's battle, do they differ, but in their accounts of events, even in minor details. Thus Colonel Johnston credits Grant with an army of 58,000, nearly 50,000 of whom were effectives, while he allows the Confederate commander 50,000, of whom but 40,000 were available for combat. General Grant, on the contrary, gives the entire strength of the Federal army at 38,000, of whom not more than 25,000 were in line on the first day. Of course General Grant's statement of his own forces is official and conclusive; but the fact illustrates the discrepancies of history.

The battle of Shiloh was one of the great battles of the war. It was great whether estimated by the number of men engaged in it, by the character of the Generals commanding, by the desperate nature of the conflict, by the uncertainty of the result during the whole of the first day, or by the consequences which ensued from the Confederate defeat and which might have ensued from a Federal defeat. The Confederate authorities have always insisted that General Grant was virtually beaten at the end of the first day's fight, and that nothing saved his army but the death of General Johnston, and the consequent change of commanders. General Grant was freely charged at the time with being intoxicated, and severely criticised for putting undisciplined men at the front without earthworks. The newspaper correspondents had General Prentiss' division surprised and captured at the very beginning of the fight. Some of these then current errors are corrected, so far as we know for the first time officially, by General Grant's paper. General Grant's horse fell on him, and nearly disabled him, two days before the battle. The raw levies were put at the front purposely, General Grant trusting to their commander, General Sherman, to compensate for their inexperience—a trust reposed not in vain. And General Prentiss' division fought bravely and effectively throughout the day, and were not captured till after four o'clock in the afternoon.

The man of Northern prejudices will read General Grant's paper, and will but glance at Colonel Johnston's. The man of Southern prejudices will console himself with Colonel Johnston's conviction that the battle of Shiloh was won on the first day, and was lost on the second only because the Confederate commander was killed. The impartial historian, accepting the veracity, but not necessarily the judgments, of both authors will compare the two papers to reach a true understanding of this momentous battle, and will find in General Grant's frank confession of his misapprehension of the strength of the Confederacy, and in Colonel Johnston's disclosure of the divided counsels in the Confederate army the two clues to the true interpretations of the events of the day.

"Up to the battle of Shiloh," says General Grant, "I, as well as thousands of other citizens, believed that the rebellion against the Government would collapse suddenly and soon if a decisive victory could be gained over any of its armies." This was substantially the universal opinion in the North. It was even shared by many in the South. The fall of Forts Donelson and Henry apparently opened the whole Southwest to the Federal army. The North believed that further resistance would be in vain. Thousands in the South shared that belief. General Grant, as soon as the dilatory Halleck gave him opportunity to move, acted in accordance with his subsequent instructions to General Sheridan before Richmond and pushed things. He hurried his army forward after the retreating Confederate forces, meaning to give them no time to recover from their demoralization. He expected no other than a Fabian policy of slow retreat and sullen, but not aggressive, resistance. Assuming that the Confederates would retreat, if pushed, he threw up no earthworks. He put raw levies at the front. He telegraphed to Halleck on Saturday night, "I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us." The army, catching the contagion of his confidence, perhaps neglected to keep out scouts in the front. This was charged at the time by newspaper correspondents, and is not specifically denied by General Grant, who does specifically deny some other analogous charges. While General Grant was thus taking for granted that the Confederate forces would not venture on an aggressive campaign, the Confederate Generals themselves were in debate upon that very point. General Johnston, first in command, purposed an attack. General Beauregard, the popular Southern hero of Bull Run, was opposed to it. He wished to pursue the policy in the West which General Lee pursued so effectively in the East—to prolong the war, weary out the North, and keep his own army intact, by a defensive campaign. General Johnston overruled all opposition. He ended the council of war on Saturday afternoon with the decisive declaration: "We shall attack at daylight to-morrow. I would fight them if they were a million."

Thus both sides entered the first day's battle under some disadvantage. The Federal forces were not expecting an attack, and were not prepared for it. Even when it came, they regarded it at first as only a reconnaissance in force. General Sherman, who was at the front, so interpreted it. "Beauregard," he said, "is not such a fool as to leave his base of operations and attack us in ours." On the other hand, the Confederates entered on an aggressive campaign with divided counsels. The second in command was half sick, had no faith in an assault, and no expectation of success.

General Grant apparently insists that the Federal forces were not defeated on the first day. But we think the facts do not bear out this claim. His front had been forced back nearly or quite two miles. General Prentiss' division had been captured *en masse*—2,200 officers and men. The Federal camps were in the possession of the enemy. What the Confederates could or would have done on the morrow if their leadership had remained unchanged must always remain a matter of opinion. That the wearied assailants could have driven the Federal forces into the river, or cut of their retreat, and enforced their surrender, is to us incredible, even if the Federal army had not been reinforced on the morrow by part of General Buell's forces, and by the gunboats. But the attempt was not even made. The death of General Johnson devolved the command on General Beauregard; and the change of commanders brought a change of policy. At the council of war on Saturday afternoon General Beauregard had urged that the army withdraw to Corinth. On Monday morning he ordered that withdrawal to take place. The first day's battle of Shiloh was a Confederate attack under one commander. The second day's battle was a Confederate retreat under another commander. Both were measurably successful. It is, indeed, rarely the case that a change of command and a change of policy takes place on the field of battle with so little resultant disaster to the army as resulted to the Confederates from their change of commanders and policy at the battle of Shiloh.

This battle singularly illustrates how far the fortunes of war depend upon what we call accident. If General Johnston had lived he would have pursued on Monday the aggressive policy of Sunday, and his army would have either won a victory or suffered a rout. And that he did not live was due to accident. A stray shot cut an artery in his leg. An extemporized tourniquet would have stopped the bleeding. But half an hour earlier he had dismissed the surgeon, who up to that time had accompanied him, to attend wounded Federal prisoners. There was no one present at the moment who knew enough to tie up the artery, and General Johnston bled to death. His humanity to Federal prisoners cost him his life. On the other hand, General Grant, Colonel McPherson and Major Hawkins, reconnoitering the field together, suddenly found themselves subjected to a sharp musket fire from a concealed battery. Major Hawkins lost his hat; Colonel McPherson's horse was shot through the body and lived just long enough to take him out of danger; and the scabbard of General Grant's sword was taken off by a ball. If the one ball had missed General Johnston, and the other ball had struck General Grant, the commander of the Federal forces, not of the Confederate forces, would have been changed, and the issue of the battle of Shiloh might have been different.—*Christian Union.*

There was no Kitchen Line.

She was crazy about palmistry. She had bought half a dozen books and studied the lines and the mounts and the islands and the crosses and the stars, and she had read her Henry's fortune time and again. So he undertook to read her hand one night, with her help.

"This is my heart line, dear," she said, as she traced with her finger across the palm.

"Yes; your heart line."

"You see how well defined and strong it is?"

"Yes, beloved, but it is not quite straight, and this book says that those little lines running out of it are evidence of previous affections."

"Oh, but this great big break is you."

"Then there's my head line."

"Yes, darling. If your heart were a level as your head—I mean in palmistry—I would not be so jealous."

"But you mustn't read it like that. What are you looking for?"

He was anxiously scanning the book and the hand.

"Dearest I love you. You have a magnificent life line and a splendid heart line and a level head line, but ——"

"Well?"

"I am poor, and if you could only show me the kitchen line the future would be one unbroken dream of happiness."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Why He Didn't Fall.

Last spring an Indiana man started a bank in a town in Dakota, and about the 1st of October, having secured deposits to the extent of $23,000, a notice was one morning posted on the doors of the bank reading:

"Temporarily closed. Hope to pay depositors in full."

The banker wanted to test the temper of the public previous to a big scoop. In the course of half an hour the doors were kicked in, the office gutted, the banker stepped on until he was seventeen feet long and only two inches thick, and the chap who held a revolver to his ear jovially remarked:

"Now, then, my friend, we give you just five minutes to unlock that safe and count out the slugs to depositors in full."

Depositors were paid in full and the banker has come East in search of more civil people.—*Wall Street News.*

—In San Francisco a five-dollar gold piece was given a beggar in mistake for a "nickel." The donor demanded the change, but the beggar refused. Application was made for a warrant for the arrest of the mendicant, but no statute could be found to cover the "crime," and the relief prayed for was refused.—*San Francisco Call.*

—It has been discovered that a piece of swamp land near Clifton, L. I., contains peat such as is found in the bogs of Ireland. It burns nicely with a clear bright flame, and a number of wealthy people on the island are burning it in grates, for which it is said to be warmer and more desirable than cannel coal.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A YANKEE FARMER'S WIFE.

In What Respects She Differs From the Average Woman.

She has received a certain amount of instruction at a public school, then marries young, and begins her, to me, Herculean labors. It is her part to perform all the daily household tasks with but seldom outside aid. She must make butter, milk the cows, feed the chickens, and attend to the kitchen-garden, as well as to her special pet flower-beds and vines. Then she harnesses her horse and drives to a neighboring town to barter (as no one else can) with her butter, eggs, and garden produce. If anything is broken or out of order in the house or farm she mends it, and being a woman of infinite resources, she may even construct some of her furniture or paint her fence. Her "parlor" is adorned with all the latest absurdities in the way of worsted-work or pressed bouquets, while her store-closet is well stocked with preserves, and her garret hung with dried fruits. It is probable that she has children, and none are more thoughtfully tended in all their needs, be they physical, moral, or mental. The clothing of the family, even to their stockings and mittens, is her handiwork, while occasionally a garment is made for one of the village poor.

But where is her self-culture? say you. Ah! there is the mystery; how and when is it accomplished? And there is no denying the fact; a narrow provincial education it may be, but that is owing solely to her circumscribed life.

If you were to enter a small, common-place, white-washed farm-house in any of the straggling New England villages, which appears little else than a cluster of huts in a wilderness to English eyes—if you were so bold as to enter in, and so fortunate as to have an uninterrupted conversation with the mistress of the house, you would find her a plain, probably faded woman, clad in neat calico, sharp-voiced and sharp-visaged perhaps, but gentle in manners, and more or less familiarity with literature in all its branches of history, philosophy, science and *belles-lettres*. You would find her a member of the nearest library, and a subscriber to all the leading periodicals. But in order to make this a thoroughly truthful account, I must add that she seldom reads the newspapers, and is utterly devoid of that knowledge of current affairs that distinguishes particularly the women of New York and Chicago. But then consider how precious to her is each moment of time, and how far she is removed from the centers of life and civilization! She has no amusements, no diversions, no trips away; nothing but the dull, everlasting grind. And yet she is patient, and never resting from her round of necessary duties, and that, to her, no less necessary one of self-culture. Some one has beautifully said that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." The children of Priscilla—or, more correctly, "Sairey Ann"—will doubtless be rich, and some will call them *parvenus*, perhaps; but as for her grandchildren and her great-children, what may they not become?—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Technical Education.

Now that the cause of technical education is meeting with so much favor, the *St. James Gazette*, of London, notices one aspect under which it is not all what it may seem. It advances the objection that technical education affords no moral training. "If any large manufacturer," it says, "were asked his experience, we believe he would tell us that no workman is a less reliable member of society than he who, idle and truant at school, has been early drafted in the workshop, and acquires there a manual dexterity which teaches him to earn wages more quickly and easily, but to spend them, from want of any other training, more recklessly than do his fellows. But this type is just what the technical school, if it assumes too large proportions, will certainly produce." It is probable, however, that the advocates of this kind of education will be willing to trust the matter of moral improvement to the influence of manual efficiency itself, for dexterous workmen, taking an average, are better citizens than their inferiors in skill.—*Current.*

—Of the one hundred and sixty-six varieties of snakes in this country only twenty-two are venomous.

STEADY WORK.—Walking on a tigh rope.

WHEN a teacher advertises that he has vacancies for two *pupils*, is one to infer that he is blind in both eyes?—*Golden Days.*

ITEMS of interest—coupons—*Life.*

A GUN and a bank cashier are alike in one respect at least. There is always danger of their going off prematurely.

WHERE ignorance is bliss, etc.: A fact. Party (who has brought back the "music" stool in disgust)—"Look 'ere, Mister Auctioneer, this plaguey thing ain't no manner of use at all. I've twisted it round, and my old woman 'av' twisted it round, but sorra a bit of toon we can get out of it."

A "STUCK" up affair—a candy pull.—*The Judge.*

A WESTERN editor has spent six years writing a book entitled "How to Test Glue." An easy subject to stick to.

ONE man in Germany has made and sold three million thermometers. That's what you might call making money by degrees.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ALGERNON—"What a queer name for a lamp!" Eulalie—"What name?" Algernon—"In the window we just passed is a new kind of lamp called 'The Sweetheart.' I can't imagine why it should have such a name." "Perhaps, dear, it can be turned very low."—*N. Y. Independent.*

NO MATTER whether bonnets have little birds on them or not, the amount of bill is always the same.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PROF. PEPPER (to the class in history): "How long did the Thirty Years' War last?" Sammy Salt (absent-minded): "About four years, sir."

THE story of a teamster's life is nearly always a tale of whoa.—*The Judge.*

A RING around the moon is a sign of rain. A ring around a girl's finger is also a sign of reign.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The happy owner of a cow can always provide some dish for dessert upon short notice. Here are directions for a "trifle." Cut several slices of sponge cake into small pieces of regular shape, say an inch square; put them into a deep china bowl, cover with a rich boiled custard, reserving the whites of the eggs to whip for the top, or if the cow produces cream, use the whites of the eggs in the custard and whip a pint of cream for the top of the bowl; flavor with vanilla and sweeten slightly; add the sugar while whipping the cream.—*N. Y. Times.*

125 Years Old.

Messrs. Francis Newbery & Son, London, England, established for 125 years, write: As a testimonial from one of the oldest drug-houses in Great Britain, respecting your household remedy, will no doubt be of interest to you, we are pleased to make the statement that we have sold St. Jacobs Oil with satisfaction to the public, for several years, and that owing to the extraordinary merits of the article, the demand is continually increasing, and that we have heard of many favorable reports regarding its great virtue as a pain-curing remedy.

WHEN is a punctuation point intoxicated. When it is a full point. This joke was raised.—*The Hatchet.*

MY niece, says Mr. C. T. Krebs, Baltimore, Md., was cured of severe hoarseness and sore throat by a few doses of Red Star Cough Cure.

CANTON (O.) capitalists are going to try and make sugar out of beets. This way, beats try to make "sugar" out of capitalists.—*Lowell Citizen.*

There Shall be no Alps.

When Napoleon talked of invading Italy one of his officers said: "But, sire, remember the Alps." To an ordinary man these would have seemed simply insurmountable, but Napoleon responded eagerly: "There shall be no Alps." So the famous Simplon pass was made. Disease, like a mountain, stands in the way of fame, fortune and honor to many who by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" might be healed and so the mountain would disappear. It is specific for all blood, chronic lung and liver diseases, such as consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), pimples, blotches, eruptions, tumors, swellings, fever-sores and kindred complaints.

WORTH, the great Paris dressmaker, is coming over to this country to lecture. We hope that he is not coming with any biased views.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

A MOTHER'S example is sometimes followed by her son in after years. Perhaps this is the reason some men are so slippery.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Despise Not the Day of Small Things.

Little things may help a man to rise—a bent pin in an easy chair for instance. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are small things, pleasant to take, and they cure sick-headaches, relieve torpid livers and do wonders. Being purely vegetable they can not harm any one. All druggists.

WAIT a half a minute and tell us how a man can go down in an elevator.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

IF you can't marry a woman of sense, young man, marry a woman of dollars.—*Philadelphia Call.*

• • • • Pile tumors cured in ten days, rupture in four weeks. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Assoc'n, Buffalo, N. Y.

A COUPLE were photographed in front of Niagara the other day. "Pride goeth before a fall."—*Life.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

THE sack is an appropriate coat for a rejected lover.—*The Hatchet.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A. N. K.—D. No. 1060

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.